

## The Critic

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### The Name "America."

THE ORIGIN of the name America has turned up for discussion again. Dr. Jules Marcou, who has interested himself in the subject for many years, has addressed to the Geographical Society of France, of which he is an honorary member, a long and careful study of the subject. He is confirmed in the impression which he gave many years ago, and the readers of his very curious pamphlet ('*L'Origine du Nom d'Amérique*') will be confirmed in it also.

It is hardly the place of *THE CRITIC* to enter into the details of such a discussion; but the general reader, even, should know that it is a question, at least, whether America derived its name from Americus Vesputius, as is generally believed. Dr. Marcou holds that Americus derived his name from America, precisely as we speak of 'Chinese Gordon,' because Gordon had lived in China, or 'Congo Stanley,' because Stanley had explored the Congo. To sustain this hypothesis, Dr. Marcou shows that there was never such a name as Americus used or known in Italy, or, indeed, in the world, before the year 1504. This very Vesputius was called Alberico (or Albericus, in Latin) until that date. He wrote his own name Alberico, and he was called so by other people. More than this, no list of saints, or list of anybody else, furnishes the name Americo, from which Americus could be formed.

Dr. Marcou's statement is that a certain ridge of mountains, near what we now call Costa Rica, was named Amerrique. Of course it was not spelled so, in a language which had no letters or spelling. He supposes that this name Amerrique was the familiar name among the seamen who traded there. Possibly Vesputius had it upon the brain, talked largely about it, and, having been named Alberico, was nicknamed Americo; but this is merely a suggestion. What is certain is, that, in the year 1504, after he had been on this coast, he was called Americo. The first time that the name Americo appears is in his own signature of the 4th of September, 1504. Oddly enough, the second time he is so called, it is by Columbus, in a letter of February 5, 1505. Vesputius used this signature in his famous Florentine letter, which was reprinted by a little clique of geographers in Lorraine, who were so ignorant of American discovery that they did not know anything of Christopher Columbus, for instance, but who had got hold of two of the letters of Vesputius. These letters were written in Italian, and one of these people undertook the translation of them into Latin. They had a little printing-office of their own, for the printing of rather elegant work, and they printed a few copies of what is now known as the '*Cosmographiæ Introductio*,' in May and September, 1507. The copies of this little book of twenty-two pages which now exist are among the most rare and valuable books in the world. The reason is, that they contain the words, now imprinted on the memories of our American geographers, which say that, as each of the other continents has a name, this continent also must have a name. It is in this passage that they say:

Nunc vero et hae partes (Europa, Africa, Asia) sunt latius lustratae, et alia quarta pars per Americum Vesputium (ut in sequentibus audietur) inventa est, quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo inventore, sagacis ingenio viro, Amerigen quasi Americi terram, sive Americam dicendam: cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortita sint nomina. Ejus situm et gentis mores ex his binis Americi navigationibus quae sequuntur liquide intelligi datur.

Accordingly, on the map in their volume, the word AMERICA appears for the first time on any map now known. Certainly, this seems at first sight pretty good authority for saying that America was named for Americus. But Dr. Marcou goes to the bottom in this business of the little geographical club. He implies that they knew as much and as little about the subject in hand as a circle of Chautauquan readers to-day in Alaska, who should have two letters of Mr. Dolbeare in their hands, would know about the Bell telephone controversy, if they never happened to have heard of Mr. Bell. He also seems to prove that, of this Introduction to Cosmography of theirs, but a few hundred copies were ever printed in those days, and that it could not have been much more widely known than the proceedings of such a circle of Chautauquans in Alaska would be.

On the other hand, he says that, as early as 1515, the name America was widely known. It was assigned to the most various places. It is put in on the old maps, sometimes far to the south, sometimes far to the north, and sometimes stretching from the north to the south. But it is known. It is known so widely that it seems impossible to suppose that, in eight years, it could have gained such general currency from this insignificant publication, which was a rare book in its day.

He finds that now, and at least for the last forty years, a certain ridge of mountains near the sea-coast is called Amerrique; and that there are certain Indians living there to this day, called *Amerriques*. He thinks that the seamen and other explorers took up this name and brought it home, and that when they spoke of the continent, rather than the islands, they used this name among themselves. It is clear enough that it was accepted but slowly among the scientific geographers; but, as Mr. Marcou well says, it is not the first or the only time when the things that were weak overthrew the things that were strong, and the language of the many has taken the place of the well-considered statements of the few. His impression is, and he certainly gives it to his reader, that the word America was, so to speak, in the air; that it was the name which the persons who had the most to do with the continent of America chose to give to it. He takes comfort in the meaning of the name, which, it seems, in the language of that country, is 'the place where wind comes from;' and he reminds us that four-fifths of the storms of Europe are launched upon her from America to this day. Poor Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette might have said the same of political storms, and probably Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour do to-day. He throws in a great deal of side suggestion from such pure American names as Cundinamarca, and a host of others; and, while it is not our business to pronounce ultimately on a discussion which will undoubtedly run on for a couple of hundred years, he leaves his reader quite convinced that the burden of proof henceforth is on the people who believe that America was named after Vesputius. (Let the very young reader remember that Mr. Lowell showed some years ago that the original accent in the name of our continent was on the letter *i*.)

Can anybody tell why the French write Africa *Afrique*, and America *Amerique*? Mr. Marcou makes a point of the French calling America *Amerique*, and asks why they should do so. The reason undoubtedly is that they called Africa *Afrique*; but why did they do that? Is it simply that *que* is their most available hard *k*? EDWARD E. HALE.

MACAULAY'S 'Lays of Ancient Rome' and Thackeray's 'Rose and the Ring' will be issued soon in Messrs. Putnam's series of Knickerbocker Nuggets.

## Reviews

## Heilprin and Dawson on Evolution.\*

THE two latest works of Prof. Heilprin and Sir William Dawson may properly be considered together. Though they relate to different branches of science, and have very different purposes, they yet have, in a certain degree, a common plan. The one deals with animals, the other with plants; but both treat of their respective subjects in connection with geology. Each begins his work with a table of geological formations, showing the connection of their successive formations with the successive series, or groups—in the one case, of animals, in the other, of plants. Each table shows that there is—to use the words of Dr. Dawson—‘an advance in elevation and complexity along with the advance in geological time.’ The main difference between the treatises is that while Prof. Heilprin’s express object is to set forth certain facts as evidences of evolution, that of Dr. Dawson is to furnish a much-needed scientific manual, without special reference to any theory. It may be said that each has been successful in his avowed object, and each has accomplished more than he intended. Prof. Heilprin has given us a volume which the student of zoological science will find a very useful aid in his researches; and Sir William Dawson, in his larger and more elaborate work, has furnished, unintentionally, some most important evidences in favor of the evolutionary theory. What is still more remarkable is that these evidences seem to have more than half convinced the author himself.

It is well known that Dr. Dawson has been heretofore one of the most determined, and certainly one of the ablest and most eminent, of the opponents of the Darwinian theory. The opinions of a scientific man who has enjoyed the otherwise unexampled honor, or succession of honors, of having been twice President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and once President of the British Association, cannot but carry the greatest weight. All the weight of this authority has been, until now, cast against the theory of the derivation of species, and in favor of that of special creations. In his former works he has lost no opportunity of expressing his scorn of the evolutionary theory, and scouting the reasonings of its supporters. But the process of tracing the history of plants from their beginning, and describing them in his present admirable work, has yielded evidence which has been too strong for his logical and candid mind to resist. At its close he gives way, partially in words, wholly in fact. ‘With regard to the introduction of specific types,’ he writes, ‘we have not as yet a sufficient amount of information. Even if we freely admit that ordinary specific forms, as well as mere varieties, may result from derivation, this by no means excludes the idea of primitive specific types originating in some other way.’ This ‘free admission,’ as every naturalist will see, yields the whole case. But the author proceeds:

I can conceive nothing more unreasonable than the statement sometimes made that it is illogical or even absurd to suppose that highly organized beings could not have been produced except by derivation from previously existing organisms. This is begging the whole question at issue, depriving science of a noble department of inquiry on which it has barely entered, and anticipating by unwarranted assertions conclusions which may perhaps dawn upon us through the inspiration of some great intellect, or may for generations to come baffle the united exertions of all the earnest promoters of natural science.

There is much force in these remarks. Most students of science are of opinion that in Darwin we have had already that ‘inspiration of a great intellect’ which is here suggested. But they will frankly admit that there is much in the development theory which requires elucidation. As Copernicus and Galileo were followed by Newton, it is by no means

unreasonable to expect that Lamarck and Darwin may be followed by some still greater expounder.

It is but just to add that while Prof. Heilprin’s treatise can be cordially commended as a lucid and pleasing exposition of the zoological evidences of evolution, Sir William Dawson’s work must rank as one of the most important contributions to two branches of science—botany and geology—which our times have furnished. It will be heartily welcomed by students of both sciences, who will find in it a compendium of the greatest value. ‘The Story of the Earth and Man’ (3) is a new edition of a well-known and justly popular work. As it is printed from the old stereotype-plates, it adds nothing except a brief appendix on fossil flora to the former editions. Unluckily, the author’s early and vehement repudiation of the development theory is here stereotyped in mocking rigidity. Its appearance almost simultaneously with his latest work, in which a very different sentiment is disclosed, has certainly an odd effect. But these are inconveniences to which all progressive minds, whether in politics or in philosophy, are constantly exposed, and which rather enhance than diminish the esteem of their admirers.

## Miss Amélie Rives’s Short Stories.\*

IT IS PLEASANT to be able to remove the disagreeable impression of Miss Rives’s much assailed novel, by returning to the ‘old-time tale’ which introduced her to the public; and which now appears, with two companions, in a pretty book, with an exceedingly dangerous-looking gilt dragon decorating the cover. Here, at any rate, we have central figures with some nobility of motive, some dignity of carriage; here is pathos which is not morbid; and though the humor is broad, it is in perfect keeping with the time and the characters of the supposed narrators. These three stories are rich in promise; yet to treat that promise as performance is to do their brilliant author a wrong. Miss Rives can give us still better work than this, though she can also give us much worse. The form here chosen has been somewhat too exacting, possibly for her knowledge, certainly for her patience. Elizabethan English is hard to handle through a long narrative with correctness and familiar ease, without mouthing or a faulty pedantry; and here it has been handled with only partial success. One who knows the literature of that day feels while reading these tales a certain uneasiness, a sense of strain and of inaccuracy, in spite of the ‘mouth-filling oaths’ with which the conversations are carefully interlarded. He learns with surprise, for instance, that the Lady Margaret ‘had long, curved flanks, which saved her from buxomness.’ Buxomness, whatever its inexcusable modern aberrations, then signified simply bowsomeness,—flexibility, compliance, or a healthy, elastic cheerfulness. It is evidently not the writer’s intention to say that Lady Margaret’s singularity of structure preserved her from any of these. ‘My wit was not any more fashioned for thy amusement than for the shoeing o’ thy horse,’ says the Farrier Lass of Piping Peabworth; but amusement, at that date, meant amazement or deception, never entertainment, as in its present sense. The farrier and his friend ‘gave old Gammer Lick-the-Dish a bath in his own sack;’ but this error of ‘Gammer’ (grandmother) for ‘Gaffer,’ is perhaps the printer’s. ‘The Barley Break,’ a game resembling prisoner’s base, and customarily named without the article, is confidently represented as a harvest-dance.

But after all, one must not be hypercritical, nor insist that an imaginative author shall write in the light of the ‘New English Dictionary.’ A much more important defect, incident to her plan of telling the tales in character, is her inability to sustain throughout the individuality of the narrator. Dry old Anthony Butter, the gardener, is natural enough at times; but in the scenes between his mistress and Lord

\* 1. The Geological Evidences of Evolution. By Angus Heilprin. Philadelphia: Published by the Author. 2. The Geological History of Plants. By Sir J. William Dawson. \$1.75. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 3. The Story of the Earth and Man. By Sir J. W. Dawson. New edition. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

\* A Brother to Dragons, and Other Old-Time Tales. By Amélie Rives. \$1. Harper & Bros.



Denbeigh, we feel that Miss Rives herself is the poetic and sympathetic observer. One would be loth to lose the lovely final scene, preferring to part with Butter as the relater. He could not have written the passage as it stands, nor would the ancient eavesdropper have felt anything 'speak within his heart' to draw him from the contemplation of the happy husband and wife. When Humfrey Lemon says that Master Mouldy grinned 'after the fashion o' a horse eating briers,' the effect is excellent; but when he tells his crony that his daughter's lover 'had eyes like pools o' water under a night heaven, wherein two stars have drowned themselves, as 'twere, and brows as black and straight as a sweep o' cloud across an evening sky,' the effect is utterly destructive. This is the language of a poet and the enthusiasm of a very young girl. Yet 'The Farrier Lass' strikes us as being, on the whole, the best of the three stories; in spite of the touch just quoted, the farrier is more real than either the gardener or Nurse Crummet, and the wayward, generous Keren is clearly conceived and cleverly drawn from the first. The plot, simple as it is, seems also an advance upon 'A Brother to Dragons,' in which one somehow gets the idea that the full particulars of Lord Denbeigh's danger are not merely suppressed by, but unknown to, the author.

#### A Guide to Southern California.\*

SINCE 'H. H.' wrote her interesting articles for *The Century*, and published 'Ramona,' more interest than ever has been taken in the picturesque region called Southern California, and it has been more and more frequented by the tourist, the health-seeker and the speculator. The names of Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, San Buena Ventura and Santa Bárbara are already familiar to nearly every one—the more so because those of Ramona, Alexander and Father Junipero are associated with these places. The necessity of a special guide-book to this region has been felt for some time, and it is only to be regretted that the present one cannot be said to meet the need. Dr. Widney's chapter on the climatology of the Pacific coast is a very complete and accurate work, but his colleague and associate editor, Dr. Lindley, who wrote a very good climatic sketch of Southern California last year for the *New York Medical Journal*, has done very poor work in this book. It abounds in errors—and in trivialities, as when the writer advises a traveller to carry in his satchel a number of remedies and a 'flask of good whiskey,' on the ground that 'if you do not need them, some fellow-traveller may.' 'During such a trip, cards, books, newspapers and illustrated papers are always in demand.' 'A young man with a violin or a young lady with a guitar and a sweet voice' is, according to Dr. Lindley, 'a great acquisition to any party.' We fail to see the relevancy of the young man with the violin and the young lady with a guitar and a sweet voice, nor why a quartet or an orchestra would not be as great an acquisition to any party travelling in Southern California or anywhere else. 'The social man will gain much knowledge of the country he will traverse by conversing with his fellow-passengers; but the writer omits to add, 'provided the fellow-passengers know anything about the subject; otherwise he would be apt to acquire inaccurate information. Dr. Lindley's Spanish is sometimes very amusing. 'There was a Mexican *carita* drawn by two oxen,' he says. *Carita* is the diminutive of *cara* ('face'), or the feminine for 'dear; yet he defines the word as 'a primitive two-wheeled cart with solid hewed wheels.' Many other instances are no less amusing, but we will mention only the assertion that *mariposa*, the Spanish for butterfly, is an Indian word; and the reference to the 'quaint adobe' architecture of the Indians, with which the writer credits the Spanish. But these and other errors, including misspelt names of places and things, may be corrected in a new edition and much superficial and inappropriate matter omitted. And this will be worth while, for in

spite of its defects, the book contains a great deal of valuable information taken from various authoritative sources.

#### 'The Ancient World and Christianity.\*

IN THIS WORK Dr. de Pressensé, author, clergyman and Senator of France, has given proof of his profound mastery of the wide field of ancient history. Already well known as the author of 'The Early Years of Christianity,' 'A Study of Origins,' and other works, his last book will be welcomed by scholars and thoughtful persons interested in the ever-fresh theme of the rise and progress of Christianity. Fortunately his clear Parisian French has found a competent translator in Annie Harwood Holmden, who has a notably delicate perception of the author's spirit and a repertoire of strong, clear, idiomatic English. Added to these, a thoroughly equipped apparatus of references to authorities, analytical table of contents, well-arranged chapters, a first-rate index, luxurious print, paper and binding, and one sits down to this book with delight. The author treats his subject in five books, the first dealing with 'The Ancient East,' the second with 'The Religious Development of the Ancient Aryans,' the third with 'The Religions of India,' the fourth with 'Hellenic Paganism,' and the fifth with 'Græco-Roman Paganism and its Decline.' The first chapter is devoted to prehistoric man, and the conditions of religious evolution. The author seems not only to have made the best use of the researches of original scholars and travellers, but to have studied independently the fruits of the archæologist's labors, as the museums of Europe now so richly show them. The Chaldæo-Assyrian, Egyptian and Phœnician religions are also illuminated with graphic power, all side-lights of literature and art being used to touch the reader's imagination and aid him in forming a clear idea of the now vanished cultus of naturism. Though on more beaten tracks when leading us among the religions of India, Greece and Rome, we find that Dr. Pressensé is not only a reader but still more a thinker. Though less popular in style than Samuel Johnson or Dr. Freeman Clarke, we are impressed with the greater thoroughness and grasp of the subject displayed by the eminent French scholar, and think his work a better history of the great religions. The naturism of the Aryans on touching the shores of Greece assumes a new character, and becomes transformed; and in his treatment of Hellenic Paganism the author is most felicitous, and his literary style increases in chastened glow of enthusiasm. In a few words of conclusion he shows that whether men will have it or no, the cross of Christ divides two worlds, and forms the great landmark of history, interpreting all the past, and embracing all the future. We are happy to know that, in another volume, the author will trace the religious development of Judaism.

#### "Yankee Girls in Zulu-Land."†

WE HAVE long wanted to read a book about Zulu-land and South Africa written by an American. With rooted skepticism concerning the statements about men and things made by the British—enemies of Zulus and Boers, by both of whom they have been well thrashed,—we have waited for less prejudiced eyes to see things as they were. Now we have a dainty volume, brim full of fun and frolic and the sparkle of youthful spirits and withal well illustrated. The Yankee girls were not in this case the graduates of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, who have gone among the Dutch Afrianders to carry on a young ladies' seminary; neither are they the excellent daughters of our American missionaries; but they are the sisters of a certain 'Frank' whose health needed a change from London fog to sub-tropical air. With plenty of money and well able to enjoy life, they hied from London to Cape Town. Life at sea, with a stop at Madeira

\* California of the South. By Walter Lindley, M.D., and J. P. Widney, M.D. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

\* The Ancient World and Christianity. By the Rev. E. de Pressensé, D.D. \$1.75. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

† Yankee Girls in Zulu-Land. By Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. Illustrated by E. J. Austen and G. E. Graves. New York: Worthington Co.

(which is a sort of English graveyard) is piquantly pictured with pen and pencil; then follows a rattling description of the black, brown, and white humanity found at the small end of Africa. By railway, diligence and ox-carts they reach the diamond-diggings, and tell about the finding of these alum-like stones. Paris dresses and Brush electric lights in Kimberly show us a city much like our Western upstarts. Then, in the Transvaal territory, they experience the hospitality of the honest Dutchmen who have made the desert to bloom. Quite different from the jaundiced accounts of the Englishmen are these pictures drawn by Americans. The Boers are not always boors; the people are hospitable and kind, the parsons grave and devout; and all are apparently comfortable, intelligent, and happy. Kaffirs and Zulus were also visited, and their kraals and customs investigated. Some time was spent in a wagon, travelling and camping-out. The descriptions of scenery, climate, life in man, bird, and beast, the peculiarities of odd characters, and all that met the eyes and ears of these irrepressible damsels are most racily told. We should think the reading of this book good for invalids to make them stronger by induction of literary electricity, and for well folks to make them laugh and enjoy. One gets a good insight also into the recent wars, present politics, and general ferment of ideas at this end of the continent; and is sorry to come to the final chapter, and see the vignette picture of the homeward-bound steamer.

#### Recent Theological Literature.

OF THE volumes of sermons on our table this week, two are concerned mainly with the theme of life in eternity. 'The Risen Christ, the King of Men,' is the title of a posthumous collection of sixteen sermons from the manuscripts of the late J. Baldwin Brown, the well-known London Congregationalist preacher. A thorough believer in what is called 'conditional immortality,' Dr. Brown presents the Christ as the giver of life to mankind beyond the grave. He treats of immortality as veiled in the Scriptures of the old covenant, shows the place of the Resurrection of the Christ in the scheme of Creation, and dwells eloquently upon the glory of the new world and the new humanity that rose with the Christ. The style of the author is grand and solemn, full of contagious earnestness and that crystal clearness which comes of long pondering of his theme and thorough mastery of good English. The Bible seems under his use of it to be less an arsenal of texts than a grand cathedral, full of mystery indeed, but full also of light and glory, rich with storied windows of illustration, and fascinating by its power to make one linger under its spell. This we count the charm of this book, which is like a hand grasping ours from across the shadow.—In 'Future Punishment' (Whittaker) the rector of Grace Church, Kansas City, Mo., Rev. Cameron Mann, discusses in a manly way and in forcible style, the general subject of retribution in eternity, and the various theories of restoration, probation, everlasting misery, and final destruction. He decides against the first and third theories, believes in the second, leans to the fourth, and discusses all with reverence, candor and clearness. The volume is but one more of the multiplying protests against the misuse of the artless writings of the New Testament by scholastics and theologians, and a plea for the plain sense of the ancient texts as they were read before Augustine and the papacy turned them into ecclesiastical engines.

Canon Liddon is one of those preachers who can afford to write the simple word 'Sermons' as the title of his volume, without fear of having to pay the publisher for the privilege, or being obliged to invent an alluring title to sugar-coat the medicine he offers for men's souls. The fifteen sermons here gathered together—evidently from various 'leaded' stereotype plates of a British serial publication—were preached at St. Paul's, London, the past year or two. The same exquisite English, insight into the ancient records, sympathy with common life, quick power of adaptability to his hearers, and thorough familiarity with the Bible are found here. 'The Disobedient Prophet,' illustrating the disposition to discourage high and generous ideas of duty, which have not presented themselves to an older generation, is a fair specimen of the Canon's power as a forceful and luminous teacher. We have specially enjoyed 'The Premature Judgments of Men' and 'The Place where the Lord Lay.' (Thos. Whittaker.)

We commend highly the handy pocket volume of Dr. James M. Whiton, who, under the title of 'Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct,' gathers together the dozen sermons he preached last year at Birmingham, during his usual summering in England. A thor-

ough scholar, and already noted as the author of the exhaustive monograph, 'Is Eternal Punishment Endless?' and a long list of other books, Dr. Whiton's sermons have a literary finish and a flavor of wide culture which compel the reader's attention. His originality of thought, his distance from the ruts, and the profound insight into both Scripture and the human spirit, are noticeable in every sermon. The parable of 'The Poor Soul' we find treated with subtle power; and even the eighth Commandment is expounded in such a manner that one readily imagines that the author's study is not wholly indoors, but on the street and among men. We do not wonder, after reading these cogent discourses, that Carrs Lane Chapel (usually filled by the Rev. R. W. Dale), in which they were preached, was crowded every Sunday with hearers. (Thos. Whittaker.)—Always among the very first to look at the new books, after the opening of the Athenæum doors every morning, is Boston's silver-haired Nestor, Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, who despite his years is as lively and fresh as a boy, and preaches the most timely sermons. That on his friends, Amos Bronson Alcott and his famous daughter Louisa, which has been put in pamphlet form by Roberts Bros., is well worth preservation. Its closing sentence is: 'We walk in the light the saints leave behind them unawares, because backward they never look.'

As industrious as a Paris *chiffonier*, and with a literary workshop made up largely of pigeon-holes, the late E. Paxton Hood was a tireless book-maker, who died literally with pen, paste-pot and scrap-book before him. Some books in his voluminous list went through several editions, and one, 'Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets,' has been widely read in this country. The last work written by him is entitled 'The Vocation of the Preacher,' and is among his very best. A portion of it, in the form of lectures delivered in Boston and heard with delight, meets us as an old friend. The author discusses the preacher's qualifications, the imagination, written and extemporaneous sermons, varieties of clerical life, and the great exemplars of the fine art of homiletic discourse. Among the latter he puts Frederick William Faber, John Henry Newman, Puritan Adams, and Evans the preacher of wild Wales. A careful study of his book will doubtless help to make a better preacher of a young man beginning the art which, seemingly most easy, is in reality most difficult; but on the whole, we consider this book rather an entertaining series of talks, than a helpful or stimulating manual. In his previous volume, 'The Throne of Eloquence,' now before us, the author treats the same general subject. The pulpit is the throne, and the kings who sway empires of men with sceptres of wit, knowledge, persuasion, are St. Bernard, Jeremy Taylor, Chrysostom, Father Taylor of Boston, Alexander Waugh, James Stratten and Henry Melville. Between his chapters, biographical and personally critical, Mr. Hood inserts lively essays on the various subjects which concern the matter and manner of pulpit discourse. After all our reading of his books, we are still of the opinion that the author excelled as a collector of anecdotes rather than as an original writer. Fortunately for the best use of his two latest books, the publishers have furnished good indexes, so that the pearls may be fished up out of the sea. A good example we select from page 434 of 'The Throne of Eloquence': 'John Wesley required of all his young preachers that they should study, among other books, "The Faerie Queene," and it is well known that Jonathan Edwards became a better preacher after reading "Clarissa Harlowe." (Funk & Wagnalls.)

#### Minor Notices.

IN 'THE BEGINNINGS of Civilization,' by Charles Woodward Hutson (John B. Alden), the author has given us his lectures on ancient history, as prepared by him for his classes in the University of Mississippi. The lectures are compiled, generally with good judgment and a catholic temper, from the works of the best modern authorities, including Rawlinson, Brugsch, Schliemann, Lubbock and other writers of like standing. Beginning with anthropology and the main divisions of the human family, the author treats successively of the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the enigmatical Hittites, the Phœnicians, Hebrews, Assyrians, and Etruscans, and brings us finally to the various divisions of the Aryan race, closing with the Romans and Slavs, and a chapter on 'race values.' There is no pretence of original research; but there is evidence of careful study and thought. Those who have not time for larger works, or who wish for a trustworthy guide in the outset of their historical studies, will find Prof. Hutson's work both useful and suggestive. In one branch only, his science—probably as a necessity of his position—remains in what may be styled an unreconstructed state. He holds that we have 'sufficient proof that the white races at least sprang from a different pair of ancestors from that which produced the black,' and that the black, yellow, and red races are all of 'lower type' than the white. 'It is certain,' he assures us, 'that only degradation comes from the mingling of a high race with a lower.'



All that can be said of these remarks is that the conceit of race is universal, and is evidently just as strong in Mississippi as it is in China or in Abyssinia. It would be interesting to recover some expressions of the contempt with which the highly civilized Egyptians and Chaldean 'Cushites' undoubtedly regarded the blue-eyed and fair-haired savages whom they were accustomed to conquer and enslave. The very least which the learned professors of the Universities of Memphis and Babylon would require of those degraded white barbarians must have been that they should provide themselves with a special pair of ancestors of their own offensive color.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT publish a fourth edition of 'Royal Truths,' one of the most popular of the many volumes made up from the utterances of Henry Ward Beecher. This is the book that Mr. Beecher, previously unaware of its existence, discovered in 1863 during his visit to England, where it had been compiled by some admirer too modest to affix his or her name, and had already gone through six editions ere its real author heard of it. Its contents are well-selected, and fairly representative of the great preacher when in his prime. They show that vigor of expression, incisiveness of statement and felicity of illustration, and those unexpected flashes of humor and frequent appeals to one's own experience, which were among the varied elements of his unquestioned power over his auditors. The volume is one of abiding interest and value, ever fresh and helpful in its counsels and suggestions. An index, filling a dozen pages, has been added by some person of good intentions, but with scanty conception of the proper method of making such a thing serviceable.

THE FASTIDIOUS critic is not likely to be greatly prepossessed with an author who betrays his illiteracy upon the first page of his introduction by speaking of 'McCauley's' imaginary New Zealander, as does John P. Hale in 'Trans-Allegheny Pioneers.' (S. C. Cox & Co.) But overlooking this and other trivial blemishes of style and typography, one soon becomes deeply interested in Mr. Hale's narrative, which is concerned chiefly with the early settlements of the Kanawha Valley, the Virginia border, and contiguous parts of Ohio and Kentucky. The story of the perils and privations of those heroic men and women who, less than a century and a half ago, braved the terrors of the wilderness, and began the long strife with savage nature and more savage man, cannot be too often retold, nor can it ever lose its attractiveness. Mr. Hale has done good service in thus gathering up much valuable material from family records, and vanishing traditions—a task for which his relationship as one of the oldest surviving descendants of the early pioneers especially qualifies him. As he well says, this kind of history does not repeat itself. The exploration and settlement of the American continent had no counterpart in the past, and can have none in the future. Hence the importance of preserving these reminiscences of days so unique and so eventful. Nor do the pages of history or of romance furnish incidents more thrilling than many here recited without the least attempt at effect—the simple narrative being replete with eloquence and pathos.

IN SETTING his literary house in order, the venerable Dr. Fredric H. Hedge has added to his recent publications a collection of his various essays, the first of which, 'Martin Luther,' gives the title to the volume. (Roberts Bros.) Though known chiefly as a religious writer, Harvard professor, student and translator of German literature, yet as an essay-writer, Dr. Hedge has few equals. The transparent clearness of his style, the ripeness of his thought and the breadth of his scholarship make his finished work a delight. In this comely volume—which unfortunately lacks an index—he treats of Luther, Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians, Dr. Channing, ethical systems, ghost-seeing, personality, the theism of reason, and the theism of faith, conservatism and reform, and other themes. We have enjoyed most of all the essay on feudal society, which is evidently the result of wide reading and long and patient thinking. It is cheering to find this scholar in his old age (at eighty-three) so full of faith in God and hope for his fellow-men. At least in walking with him along the paths of literature and up to the outlooks over the future, we have felt ourselves in a tonic and bracing atmosphere.—GLORYING in his mugwumpery, and firm in his faith, Prof. Wm. P. Atkinson has reprinted a lecture delivered in more than one place in Boston, entitled 'The Study of Politics,' which Roberts Bros. issue in neat boards. It is a whip which the author uses with impartial whack upon the shoulders of the lazy citizen and the industrious boss, and its thoughtful words are stimulating to the conscience. It is also enlivened with humor. The story of the man who contemplated felicide, but was three times prevented by various guardians of the law from taking that number out of the nine lives of his cat, is like the other illustrations—pat and forcible.

WHEN any new discovery in science strongly affects the popular mind, evidences of the feeling are pretty sure to appear in the shape of pseudo-scientific works, which are only of interest as straws showing the drift of public sentiment. The fact that the nations of Europe are closely connected in language and race with nations and tribes in Central and Southern Asia—the striking fact, disclosed by Agassiz, of the existence of a 'glacial era,' just preceding our own, in which a large portion of the northern hemisphere was buried under an enormous ice-sheet—and the still more startling evidences of the presence of man in or immediately after this glacial era, at a period of undetermined antiquity,—are among the most notable results of recent scientific investigations. In 'Pre-glacial Man, and the Aryan Race,' by Lorenzo Burge (Lee & Shepard), we have one of the indications of the ferment which these discoveries are causing in minds not disciplined by study to give them their proper place and weight. The book, in its inordinately long subtitle, which covers the greater part of a page, and in its general style, reminds one of the theological publications of the Puritan age in England. The author, clearly, has no notion of any 'conflict between religion and science.' His preface begins with the assertion that 'in the early chapters of Genesis is an allegory, containing hidden within its outward form a history of creation, of pre-glacial man, of the Aryan race, and of the Asiatic deluge.' The sub-title further tells us that the work contains 'a history of creation and of the birth-place and wanderings of man in Central Asia, from B.C. 32500 to B.C. 8000,' with much more of the same sort. It is an absurd book, and is illustrated by some equally absurd but rather spirited pictures, in which Genesis and geology are oddly mixed up. Those who have a curiosity to see the volume will be pleased to know that it can be had of all respectable booksellers, or said book will be sent by mail on receipt of the price, \$1.50.

THE six Philosophical Papers recently published by the University of Michigan are well worthy of the attention of educators. They relate to 'University Education,' 'Education Values,' 'Philosophy and Literature,' 'Goethe and the Conduct of Life,' 'The Ethics of Democracy,' and 'The Speculative Consequences of Evolution.' The authors are Professors of this growing State University—Messrs. Winchell, Dewey, Thomas, Burt, Payne and Morris. They are serious studies in their various fields, and in presentation are lucid and scholarly, with fair literary finish. They were printed in Ann Arbor, and are notably free from typographical blemishes. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—IN WRITING the life of the great preacher who, a generation ago, crowded Notre Dame with spell-bound listeners, Mr. H. L. Sidney Lear has drawn largely upon Lacordaire's own writings. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.) The present volume is a new edition of a work written in 1882. The foot-notes seem to show that the retouching of the text has been quite recent. Henri Dominique Lacordaire was born in 1802 and died in 1861. Though a member of the Academy and of the National Assembly, and the author of several books, our thought of him is almost wholly as the impassioned orator who pleaded for faith, religion and liberty. The biography before us is almost an autobiography, being made up so fully of Lacordaire's own letters. Probably no other country than France could have produced such a man, at once an ultramontane in religion and a radical in politics, and who won as much popularity among American Protestants as among the most loyal adherents of the Pope.

#### The Magazines

In the May *Atlantic* 'The Aspern Papers' reaches its conclusion. Mr. James's slow, delicately artistic method is always seen at a certain disadvantage in a serial. His work, to be appreciated, must be read as a whole; and this is especially true of the present disagreeable, yet admirable, piece of portraiture. Probably few readers have, until now, fully recognized its power. What could be finer than Miss Bordereau's appearance at the critical moment, with the extraordinary eyes—Juliana's eyes—freed for once from their 'everlasting curtain'; and the concentrated contempt of her brief verdict—'Ah, you publishing scoundrel!' What self-exposure could be more complete or more unconscious than the light closing touch: 'When I look at it [Geoffrey Aspern's miniature], my distress at the loss of the letters becomes almost intolerable.' 'Yone Santo,' after its recent rapid and absorbing chapters, inevitably drags a little. The instalment of 'The Despot of Broomsedge Cove' is delightful; who has not laughed over the conversation between Mrs. Strobe and the deputy sheriff, and felt the thrill of subtle pathos in Teck Jepson's return to his old home? In this passage Miss Murfree seems to add to the painter's presentation of the glories of color something of the musician's mysterious art of expressing that which even poetry fails to express. There is an ingenious negro tale, 'Po' Sandy,' with a quietly humorous solution, by Charles W. Chesnutt; a defence of Claverhouse, and of 'The

Cavalier' in general, by Agnes Repplier; an article on 'The American Philosophical Society,' by Anne H. Wharton; and one on 'Cicero in the Senate,' by Harriet Waters Preston. Frank Gaylord Cook writes of 'Reform in the Celebration of Marriage;' Herbert Tuttle, of the Emperor William. Under the title 'A Discord in Feathers,' Olive Thorne Miller describes the outrageous conduct of an orchard oriole, 'the only utterly unlovable bird I ever knew.' The number has no poetry, except an incidental bit of verse in the Contributors' Club. There are two excellent reviews—of 'Præterita,' and of the new edition of Brockden Brown's novels.

In *Harper's*, Mr. Bowker's interesting first paper on 'London as a Literary Centre' is accompanied by twenty-eight portraits, engraved from photographs. Among these are some very familiar faces, and others which are quite unknown to Americans in general. The portrait of Kinglake is the frontispiece of the number. Mr. Bridgman contributes a second Algerian article, with his own fine illustrations. There are two Western papers, one on Chicago by Mr. Warner, one on Denver by Edwards Roberts; a paper dealing with the Russian judicial system, by Albert F. Heard, and an illustrated account of the convicts in the salt-mines of Iletsk, written in a cheerfully incredulous tone by Henry Lansdell, D.D. 'In Far Lochaber' continues characteristically; there are two good short stories—Ruth McEnery Stuart's laughable 'Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson,' and the touchingly simple 'Adventures of Two Men,' by Julia D. Whiting. Wordsworth's sonnet,

Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,

is illustrated by Alfred Parsons; and the old English song, 'The Married Man,' by Abbey. There is a beautiful sonnet by Richard E. Burton, with the unbeautiful title 'If so.' The Easy Chair and Study are inviting.

*Lippincott's* is a 'No Name' number; that is, the ten contributions are anonymous, and ten of the hundred prize-questions relate to their authorship. This does not seem difficult to guess, in the cases of the short story 'Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance,' and the verses 'A Little Child's Talk.' A paper entitled 'From Bacon to Beethoven' endeavors to explain why music is the characteristic art-form of the modern time, and to read the indications of its future. The writer considers music as a moral agent, since it carries our emotion toward the Infinite; and thinks it 'clearly demonstrable that in all [profligate] artists there was a failure in the artistic sense precisely to the extent of the failure in apprehending those enormous laws of nature whose practical execution by the individual we call morality.' There is a brief chat on the beauty of weeds, praising the mullein's 'lofty rod of gold with its great velvet leaves' and the blood-red poke-berry bush; and there is a most charming article on 'Old Delaware.' 'The Portrait and the Ghost' is a singularly clever, impressive, and finished story of the supernatural. Among the poems, the ambitious 'Nebuchadnezzar's Wife' has plenty of color, and some fine lines, though it is a trifle sad that the king should be termed 'a prone graminivorous thing.' 'The House of Hate' is certainly adapted to the taste of Mr. Howells's young lady who liked weird things. The novel of the month, called 'The Old Adam,' is but a poor affair.

The first paper in Mr. Kennan's Siberian series, 'Across the Russian Frontier,' furnishes to the current *Century* its most powerful interest. The reader is carried from Nizhni Novgorod to the pillar which marks the Siberian boundary, where he parts reluctantly from his guide until next month. The frontispiece is an effective picture of a stricken company surrounding 'this grief-consecrated pillar,' where 'hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women and children, princes, nobles, and peasants,—have bidden good-bye forever to friends, country, and home.' Illustrations from Mr. Frost's sketches and photographs enhance the value of the article, and a needful map of Siberia is given. The Lincoln history deals with affairs in the border States in the spring of 1861. There is a thrilling account of 'The Locomotive Chase in Georgia,' by Rev. William Pittenger, one of the Ohio volunteers who were engaged in the daring attempt of which he writes. Theodore Roosevelt tells his story of 'Sheriff's Work on a Ranch,' with Mr. Remington's excellent illustrations; and Col. William F. Fox computes 'The Chances of Being Hit in Battle.' Maurice F. Egan has a brief sketch of Pope Leo XIII., with a portrait and autograph. Mr. Arnold had already expressed, with more force and grace, the principal ideas embodied in his remarks on Milton. Dr. Eggleston writes of 'The Church of England in the Colonies,' and Prof. W. O. Atwater of 'Foods and Beverages.' Simeon P. Cheney notes the variations in the cry of the screech-owl, and explains that the 'partridge thunder' is produced, not by drumming a log or striking the wings against the body, as generally supposed, but by simply smiting the air. 'The Graysons' proceeds slowly; and Mr. James begins a light, entertaining sketch, 'The Liar,' to be concluded in the next number. There are poems by Thomas

Bailey Aldrich, Julie M. Lippman, Will W. Harney, Elyot Weld, and Richard E. Burton; besides the illustrated poem, 'The Absence of Little Wesley,' which is one of James Whitcomb Riley's bits of true, homely pathos. The conception of Edward Bellamy's 'A Love-Story Reversed' is unhappy.

The literary gem of *Scribner's* is Mr. Dobson's article on 'the Twitnam bard,' after which he 'flings his Cap for Polish—and for Pope,' in Eighteenth-Century verse which itself possesses the neatness and sparkle it praises. Four portraits of Pope are given; also pictures of his mother and the Blount sisters, and several views of his house. 'In the Steamers' Track,' by William Perry Northrup, is an exciting narrative, with spirited illustrations, of the discovery of a wrecked bark by a pilot-boat, and the lashing of a lantern to her stay-rope during a storm. There is a paper on 'Modern Explosives,' by Charles E. Munroe, and one on 'The Decoration of Vases,' by William P. P. Longfellow. Mr. James Baldwin concludes his article on 'The Centre of the Republic;' and a description of 'Salmon Angling on the Restigouche' is illustrated by A. B. Frost. The instalment of 'First Harvests' is clever. Margaret Crosby's 'Child of Light' does not impress one with his reality, and his relation of his own story, under the circumstances, destroys its dignity. Miss Thomas's sonnets, 'The Bitter Sweet of Spring,' express with exquisite truth the strange wistfulness of the season, its 'subtle weft of heartache and fine joy.' Other poems are by Duncan Campbell Scott, Maybury Fleming, Bessie Gray, James Herbert Morse, and Helen Gray Cone. Mr. Stevenson's talk is of 'Gentlemen;' 'Scott, Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley for all his follies,' are clearly to be counted, he says, among these; 'Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart, these were as surely cads.' Byron he again pronounces 'an unmatched vulgarian.'

### International Copyright.

FOR the first time in the history of the United States, an International Copyright bill has received the approval of a branch of Congress. The Chace bill passed the Senate on Wednesday last by a vote of thirty-five to ten.

'Cheap Books and Good Books,' a pamphlet produced at the De Vinne Press and issued over the imprint of the American Copyright League, is made up of a revision and amplification of Mr. Brander Matthews's Open Letter in *The Century* for December, 1887, and of an address delivered before the Congregational Club of this city on Feb. 20 and published in *The Christian Union* on March 15. It is calculated to open the eyes of any who credit the fiction that books which are paid for by the publisher 'come high' to the reader, while books which he 'appropriates' are correspondingly cheap. The case of *Littell's*, which costs its publisher nothing for contributions but sells for \$8 per annum, while the great illustrated magazines, which cost their publishers a fortune every year, sell for \$3 and \$4, had not been thought of when these two articles were written.

Senator Beck made a desperate but futile effort last week to amend the Chace bill by striking out the clause restricting the importation of foreign books copyrighted in this country. His remarks, covering several pages of the *Congressional Record*, abounded in errors in matters of fact and in logic. Again and again the Senator had to be corrected for slips of one sort or another, and as a rule he was not slow to confess his inaccuracies. He practically admitted that he was talking against time, by saying: 'The Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Jones] is a member of the Committee, and knows a great deal more about the bill than I do. I only make the remarks I am now making, in a very disjointed way, because I do not like many things in the bill.' Among other things, he argued that an author has no more inherent right to the production of his brains than the dressmaker who should devise an elaborate dress of a new fashion. Senator Kenna reminded him that the dressmaker's protection lies in the desire every lady feels to wear a dress not identical with, but different from, the dresses of other ladies. At another point in the debate, Mr. Beck attacked Mr. Lowell, and all the authors whom he represents as President of the American Copyright League, for coming before Congress on a sordid errand, and calling the framers of the Constitution thieves. To this assault Mr. Jones replied as follows:



A criticism, to be effective, ought always to be fair. I do not think that anybody is liable to the criticism that the Senator from Kentucky has just now made. There is no attempt on the part of these authors to charge members of Congress and men opposed to the passage of a copyright law, or anybody on this side who bought his books, with the epithet of pirate or piracy. It has been applied to men who have undertaken to take advantage of that sort of thing, and to utilize the labor of other people for the purpose of making money for themselves; and I do not think Mr. Lowell ought to be charged with having used such epithets towards members of the Senate of the United States or members of the House of Representatives when such is not the fact. It was never so understood, I believe, by anybody.

I think the Senator from Kentucky misconstrued those quotations. They were applied simply and solely to publishers who have undertaken to publish the products of the brains of other people without any compensation to them whatever. I submit that it is not fair, because the labor of a man's brains is as much his property if in the form of a book as if it takes the shape of an invention, or it is as much his property as is the result of the labor of his hands. I have no more right to appropriate the labor of a man's brains than I have to appropriate anything that may result from his handiwork. I do not believe it is fair; and if I were called on to state clearly and distinctly whether I believe it honest or not, I should be compelled to say that I believe it is absolutely dishonest for a man simply to take advantage of the law of the land, or the fact that there was no law, by utilizing those products of the brain to his own use, and making money out of them.

### The Study of American Folk-Lore.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue of April 21, Mr. Leland gently chides me for not 'bestowing a fleeting notice on what has been done in the great field of American folk-lore.' As my article was simply a brief sketch of what Prof. Crane had done in this great field, a discussion of what other folk-lore students had done hardly came within its scope. Now, Mr. Leland advances two reasons why, in the past, American students have been somewhat inattentive to the fruitful fields of lore spread right under their feet. 'One is that even writers like Mr. Vance do not so much as bestow a fleeting notice on what has been done in the great field of American folk-lore, but speaks as if no one had labored in it; and, secondly, the fact that there is no subject in the world which is of so little interest to the American people as the early legends attached to their country.'

The first reason (so far as it relates to myself) is not exactly sound. In *The Open Court* (Nos. 22 and 23), last January, we published two somewhat extended articles on the comparative study of American folk-lore. We helped ourselves generously to the stores of folk-lore provided through the labors of American students. We did not hesitate to give honor where honor was plainly due. We feel confident that Mr. Leland will pardon us even if, in our article, we 'bestowed a fleeting notice' on his charming collection of 'Algonkin Legends.' We also feel confident that Master Lox—that

airy devil [who] hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief—

will find a permanent place in folk-lore literature. About the mighty Glooskap we are not so confident. The second reason, advanced by Mr. Leland in accounting for the past neglect of American folk-lore, I hold to be in the main sound. In the very first paragraph of my article in *The Open Court*, I find myself saying that, 'Washington Irving was the last of our mythologists, because mythology at that time did not pay.' I am sure that, when this was written I did not have in mind the case of Mr. Schoolcraft, or Mr. Leland himself. The latter bears personal testimony to the indifference with which the book-buying public receive a meritorious collection of native folk-lore.

Let us end by bringing two points home to the mind of the folk-lore student. The first is that a good deal of pioneer work must always be done by some unselfish student. The second is, that some one should do (at the proper time) for American folk-tales what the brothers Grimm did for the German *märchen*. There is no reason why American folk-stories should not be as interesting as the *contes*, or household tales, of the European peasantry. The old plantation legends were fortunate in having so graceful a collector as Joel Chandler Harris. In him are combined the quick, attentive ear and the skill of an accomplished *raconteur*. The result is, that the Negro tales gathered under the name of 'Uncle Remus' paid a hundredfold. Like the 'Shepherd who made the King's Daughter laugh,' the folk-lore student who has the magical power of making the American people laugh, will win both fame and fortune.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1888.

R. LEE VANCE.

### The Lounger

IT HAS OFTEN been my painful duty to call attention to the errors and—shall I say it?—absurdities of G. W. S., the London correspondent of the *Tribune*. Painful, I say, because the gentleman whose identity is revealed by these initials is, despite his many aberrations, a capital correspondent, whose letters have furnished the *Tribune's* many readers, myself included, with a vast deal of information and entertainment during the long years that he has held his present post; and though the information is not invariably reliable, and the entertainment not always of the kind intended by the writer, the sum-total of pleasure derived from the habitual reading of his despatches is so great as to awaken a feeling of gratitude in any but the hardest breast. In a recent letter, Mr. Smalley described an interview—an 'audience,' I think he termed it—with Count Herbert Bismarck. From start to finish, it was evident that he was terribly anxious lest the German Chancellor's son should think he had betrayed a sacred personal confidence by referring, even in general terms, to the subjects touched upon in their rambling conversation. It would have given me a good deal of pleasure to quote, and my readers some amusement to peruse, certain parts of this letter; but as I had just had occasion to take Mr. Smalley up in connection with another matter, I forbore.

THAT OTHER MATTER was a long cablegram in which he took Mr. Matthew Arnold to task for his *Nineteenth Century* article on American civilization. I said then that, reading between the lines, the correspondent's grievance seemed to be chiefly that Mr. Arnold's personal acquaintance with him, Mr. Smalley—a representative, however humble, of America,—had not sufficed to avert the critic's blow. In a second article, printed last Sunday, the subject is taken up again; the writer's object this time being, apparently, to show that the dead poet and essayist's friendship and regard for him (G. W. S.) were so tender and so strong, that they survived even the shock of reading a copy of the terrible cablegram to the *Tribune*. This point, I am bound to say, is successfully maintained; but incidentally a number of letters from Mr. Arnold to Mr. Smalley are quoted at length, in some of which the former, referring to his projected lecture-tour in America, debates the expediency of bringing his wife and daughter on so expensive a trip, and consults his adviser as to 'what boxes they [the ladies] ought to take with them.' (This was some time before G. W. S. went to Berlin to see that the late Emperor was properly buried, and to have an 'audience' with Prince Bismarck's son; so he presumably had leisure to decide the less momentous question of what sort of band-boxes Mr. Arnold's family should bring to America.)

THESE LETTERS, I say, are quoted at length; but there is one of which only a few lines appear. 'He wrote in April 1883,' says Mr. Smalley:—'I want to talk to you about America next January—though probably I shall be a horrid fiasco there. THE CRITIC gives me an unhopeful notion of the line intellect is taking over there.' To which Mr. Smalley adds, 'As well it might.' Now this isn't quite fair either to America or THE CRITIC. Did Mr. Arnold—assuming him to be correctly quoted, as I doubt not he is—mean to say that this journal, by its severe criticism of the line intellect was taking over here, discouraged him? This seems quite possible. Or that in the intellectual quality of the paper itself he found evidence of a perversity that disheartened him? This, of course, is highly improbable. In either case, however, the truth should come out, and Mr. Smalley ought, in fairness to all parties, including Mr. Arnold and himself, to give publicity to the context of this allusion to THE CRITIC. He cannot plead that it is of a nature too private for print, when he has already published Mr. Arnold's allusions to his own poverty and his wife's band-boxes.

'ARGUS' writes to me as follows:—'You give publicity to a publisher's wail that his original ideas are sometimes coolly stolen. It would interest a journalistic sojourner to know whether any writers make similar complaints to THE CRITIC. While well content with the general courtesies of editors and publishers, I have had a few curious experiences, peculiar, apparently, to New York. A MS. (an only copy), whose pecuniary value largely hinged on its appearance by a certain date, was lost by one of the first publishing-houses. The admission was accompanied by the offer of a satisfactory compensation; but the uncanny feature was, and is, the absolute disappearance of a unique composition without a trace being left. Another freak is curious simply as a coincidence: Out of three short pieces sent to a publication of the highest standing (not in New York), two were accepted and the third returned. An outlandish little joke happened to occur in the latter. I was amused to find that modest little joke a few days afterwards in my New York morning paper, quoted from another paper in the city whence it

had been returned to me. Twice have elaborate articles "never been received" by a notable journal which frequently inserts similar articles from the same pen, when sent through another channel. The Post Office people each of these times happened to break their hitherto invariable reliability in the safe delivery or return of letters.

'ANOTHER MS.,' my correspondent continues, 'equal in contents to three or four newspaper columns, was entrusted to a publication. After several weeks of wearisome waiting and personal calling for its return, the statement was proffered that it had been mailed. Singularly enough, the Post Office made this the occasion of its third breach of faith, or act of negligence. This MS., too, chanced to be an only copy. Of course, there is no remedy for this hard fate. The word of an errand-boy must be accepted against the antecedent improbability, and the testimony of experience to the contrary, that the Post Office would deliberately "lose" the three particular documents which had special value, and which bore the owner's name and address. And these have been the only three "lost" out of hundreds. "Moral," says the wise man, "keep a copy." But that does not affect the unpleasantness of doubt whether your script may not be doing duty as raw material for the manufacture of original brilliancies by some genius in the wilds of—far Cathay.'

A HAPPY CHANCE has supplied the publishers of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's forthcoming *Life of Richardson* with a much better portrait of the architect than any hitherto published. None of the photographs in the possession of the family were satisfactory as likenesses or afforded a good basis for a drawing; and the only portrait that had been painted of Richardson—Mr. Herkomer's,—although in one sense what is called a 'striking likeness,' was so disagreeable a likeness to those who knew and admired him, that its reproduction could not be considered. Author and publishers were alike almost in despair of getting a satisfactory portrait when, at the last moment, as Richardson's offices were being dismantled preparatory to the removal of his successors to Boston, an unmounted photographic proof was found stowed away in the back of a drawer. No one could at first be discovered who remembered to have seen it, and no copies of it had ever been printed—an inexplicable fact, as it was by far the best likeness that had ever been made. Inquiry revealed the fact that it had been taken by Notman in Albany, just at the time when Richardson was in his prime; but a diligent search failed to reveal the negative. Nevertheless, the photographer succeeded in producing from it another plate and the frontispiece of the book will show the great architect as he has never been shown before to those who were unacquainted with him in life.

## The Fine Arts

### The Prize Fund Exhibition.

AT THE Fourth Prize-Fund Exhibition at the American Art Galleries, only one prize has been awarded this year—a cash prize of \$2000, which goes to J. Alden Weir for his 'Idle Hours.' The picture will be given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is undoubtedly, taking it as a whole, the best large picture in the exhibition, and is particularly valuable as illustrating the most progressive side of the younger American school. It deals in a masterly manner with lights and surface-textures, and is broadly and powerfully handled. There are two figures in the composition—a woman in white at the left with a bunch of daffodils at her belt, and a child at the right holding a guitar. There are cushions in dull reds and greens thrown carelessly around both figures, which are seated against a broad low window hung with transparent white curtains. The child is in white. This figure is much better grasped than that of the woman, which is mannered in treatment and wooden in effect. Mr. Weir is too apt to leave his female figures in an undeveloped state, which makes them look like manikins.

The impression left by the exhibition as a whole is that it is only fair as to quality. The best work is in the smaller pictures. Among the large works of the sort painted by our artists abroad, in accordance with Salon and *atelier* traditions, are Smith-Lewis's 'Seaweed Gatherers,' an enormous stretch of canvas dabbled heavily with Prussian blue and burnt sienna; Mrs. Emma L. Chadwick's 'Five o'Clock,' a peasant interior, with a group of old women drinking tea; Alexander Harrison's 'In Arcadia,' a nude

model in a landscape-setting, knowingly painted but bad in color; Vesta Simmons's 'Cornish Mat-Makers,' and O. G. Wigand's group of French peasants of various ages in a large yard. Two good landscapes with a single figure as staffage are George W. Chambers's 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' with carefully painted cabbages and flowers, and Birge Harrison's 'In the Forest of Compiègne,' an autumn subject good in color. In the same group may be placed George Hitchcock's 'The Winnower,' a hillside stretch of feathery grass with one figure. Wm. M. Chase has four admirable landscape-impressions of New York suburbs. Charles C. Curran's 'July Sunshine' is a nice bit of light and color. Swain Gifford's 'Pasture Lands' and 'A Kansas Ranch,' and Arthur Parton's 'Spring Showers,' with its lovely contrast of misty blossoming apple-boughs and threatening clouds, lead the landscapes. Other good works in the same line are by Charles H. Eaton, Charles W. Eaton, Lucy L. Holbrook, R. C. Minor, Francis Murphy, Walter Palmer, George Smillie, Carleton Wiggins, and Ogden Wood. Horatio Walker's 'Springtime' (a man ploughing in a heavy shower) and Edward Gay's 'Atlantis' (a salt marsh with a fine effect of light) are important works. Emma E. Lampert has a gracefully composed study of red poppies, and George Munn contributes a rather original still-life. Among the portraits are noticeable Sarah Whitman's three-quarter length of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, which is not in her best vein as to technique, and Alfred Q. Collins's commonplace figures of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams. H. R. Poore's 'Old Virginia Hounds' is in his best manner. In sculpture there are three works by Charles H. Niehaus, a large figure of an athlete, a bust of Beethoven and a statuette of Silenus; Edward Kemeys's two animal groups, three busts by Ephraim Keyser, and a large 'Indian Hunter' by Dallin; and a relief head of Sydney Carton, the hero of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' by Clio Hinton, which is beautifully modelled.

### Art Notes

THE Painters in Pastel are holding their second exhibition at Wunderlich's gallery. It consists of sixty-seven works, of which thirty-one are by Robert Blum. It is not as important or carefully studied an exhibition as the first, but it is good enough to attract favorable attention for its technical ability in the use of a medium which is so often degraded to base purposes. Mr. Blum's exhibit shows his facile cleverness in many phases. His 'Fish-Market, Venice,' 'Slaughtering-Pen' and 'Beef' have that impressionist quality which came out so strongly in the last exhibition. His Holland landscapes (hyacinth and tulip beds), Venetian *lagunes* and Dutch roofs all show the same brilliant touch and the same leaning to Whistlerism, with sometimes an exaggerated estimate of the tone-value of gray paper. Mr. Chase's work shows the best qualities of Blum's, with greater positiveness and more knowledge. His nude woman, seated, is very good for color and modelling; his portrait of his baby as a Japanese is fresh in color, and his bits of landscape are as strong and true as possible. John H. Twachtman's eleven gray Venetian and Dutch impressions are a little more robust than they would be in water-color, whereas John Lafarge's 'Salome's Dance' is so like his opaque water-color of the same subject as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. It is curious to study the effect of the pastel medium on the different artistic temperaments. Miss Caroline T. Hecker's 'Portrait,' F. C. Jones's classical female figure, Irving Wiles's 'On the Lake,' and Carroll Beckwith's 'Man Sketching' all have qualities which they distinctly owe to the medium.

—The Directors of the École des Beaux Arts have decided that no students who do not speak French shall be admitted to the school.

—Frederick Crowninshield has exhibited at his studio every afternoon during the week a window just completed for Memorial Hall, Harvard, in memory of the graduates who lost their lives in the Civil War. It is a double window, composed of two long up-rights finished at the top with Gothic adaptations of the acanthus idea, and a quatrefoil decoration of the same filling the space between the lancets and reversing the acanthus arrangement. One window shows Hector, in copper and gold armor, grasping a spear. The other window has Andromache in pale green drapery forming a hood. She holds Astyanax, a naked baby, on one arm, support-



ing his foot on her hand. The faces and limbs are painted in harmony with the draperies. The decorative portions, such as the borders and the discs below the figures, are in toned copper-reds and greens. The figures are treated in a sympathetic way, and convey a charming impression of youthfulness, appropriate to the idea involved in the erection of the window. The color is admirable.

—The Academy closes to-day (Saturday). The sales one week ago amounted to \$19,000. George de Forest Brush's 'The Sculptor and the King' sold for \$1500. At the Society of American Artists, Wyatt Eaton's nude 'Ariadne' has been sold.

—At the annual dinner of the Architectural League last Monday, an exhibit was made of architectural work by the three architectural schools of the State—namely, the technical classes of the Metropolitan Museum, the School of Mines of Columbia College, and the architectural department of Cornell University. The original drawings by Alma-Tadema for the piano and music-room of Henry G. Marquand, and the accepted competitive design of 'Architecture,' a symbolic figure, by E. H. Blashfield, were also on exhibition. The essayist of the evening was Edward Kendall, President of the American Institute of Architects. Among the guests was A. F. D'Oench, Superintendent of the Bureau of Buildings, who spoke at length on defective construction, suggesting that, to prevent the erection of unsafe buildings, a law should be passed requiring architects to be licensed.

—The Sinking Fund Commission last week selected Prof. William R. Ware, of Columbia College, and Messrs. Richard M. Hunt and R. M. Upjohn, architects, as an advisory committee to examine the plans and specifications of the municipal and court buildings, and appointed Mayor Hewitt a committee of one to direct the labors of the advisory committee.

—At Keppel's gallery may be seen a head of Tennyson recently etched by Rajon. It is printed on Holland paper and on parchment. The former copies are the best. The head is expressive, refined and lifelike, but it might have been stronger. The cloak is rather loosely handled, with numerous insignificant lines, the effect being somewhat weak. Three new etchings by C. A. Platt, shown at the same gallery, are Holland subjects. Two are drypoints—a method which does not display Mr. Pratt's clean, vigorous, nervous lines to advantage. He works to far better purpose with the bitten line, and his third plate—a seashore subject, with boats—is one of the best he has yet produced. It is very simple—much more so than most of his etchings,—and shows strongly the influence of Storm van's Gravesande.

—An exhibition of forty pictures by George Michel, the French landscape-painter, was open to the public at the Academy of Fine Arts, Brooklyn, on Tuesday and Wednesday. It was organized by Henry T. Chapman and other members of the Rembrandt Club of that city.

—A new gallery in Fifth Avenue for the exhibition and sale of American pictures is, the Crescent, in charge of Henry M. Stevens. It is designed to hold a permanent exhibition. Many prominent New York artists are interested in the scheme, including members of the Academy, the Society of American Artists, and the Water-Color Society.

—A bronze statue of Gen. Grant is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, after a model by Larado Taft of Chicago. The money was subscribed by Army officers and private citizens of Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City some years ago.

—The American Water-Color Society gave its first annual dinner in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick on Thursday evening, May 3, to celebrate the completion of the twenty-first year of its existence. There were seventy-five persons present. Each menu was adorned with a valuable little water-color by a member of the Society. These water-colors formed a remarkable exhibit. Addresses were made by Mayor Hewitt, Charles A. Dana, Bishop Potter, Charles Henry Hart of Philadelphia, Archdeacon Smith and Mark Twain. The dinner was an interesting social and artistic event.

—The R. S. Clark sale brought \$39,866 for sixty-three pictures, two having been withdrawn. The highest price paid was for Schreyer's 'Wallachian Teamsters Resting' (\$3400). Verboeckhoven's 'Landscape with Cattle and Figures' sold for \$2100, E. Van Marcke's 'Landscape with Cattle' for \$1700, Leon Perrault's 'Reading Lesson' for \$1425, and E. J. Aubert's 'Love Playing Dominoes' for \$1375.

—A prominent Canadian landscape-painter, Allan Edson, died on May 1, at Quebec, at the age of about forty years. He was a pupil of Pelouse, and had exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Salon.

—A portrait of Robert Burns was discovered in a junk-shop in Toronto not long ago. The person who purchased it for a few dollars had it cleaned, and found on it the name of the famous Scotch painter, Raeburn, and the date 1787. It is now valued at \$10,000. It came from Kentucky in a stock of household effects, and will be sent to Scotland.

—The fraudulent imitation of French works of art in America is being seriously discussed in Parisian art circles. At a banquet of the Friendly, Industrial, Commercial and Artistic Society, at which Gounod, Bouguereau, Lefèvre, and other distinguished men were present, Louis Hottot presented a report on the subject, and advised that an association be formed for the protection of French industrial and artistic property in America.

—An exhibition of oils and water-colors by M. and Mme. C. A. de l'Aubinière was held at the Fifth Avenue Galleries for some days previous to the sale on Thursday and Friday. These artists enjoy the distinction of having sold pictures to the Queen of England. The lady is the daughter of a well-known English water-colorist, John Steeple. She has a good sense of color and light, but her methods are an incongruous mingling of French and English. M. de l'Aubinière's oils have a certain transparency akin to that of good water-color, but they are not of more than average merit.

### With an Old Magazine.

[M. E. W., in *Temple Bar*.]

THE man who thought 'twas heaven to lounge upon a couch and read new novels on a rainy day, must have been one who should have lived in the present day. From his heaven he would in all likelihood have excluded those very writers who made the fortunes of a certain old magazine—Charles Lamb, with his quaint and tender thoughts; Hazlitt, with his wonderful imagery and bold unconventional writings; Carlyle, with his work as yet free from personal invective and abuse; De Quincey, with his graphic pen; Tom Hood, with all the bright nonsense of a boy who had not yet entered upon his inheritance of trouble; and a host of other luminaries, amongst whom John Keats was not the least noticeable. Rather than people our heaven with the novelists, would we name these old-world writers, and pass our time with the half-forgotten pages of *The London Magazine*.

When, in 1820, the publishers, Messrs. Baldwin, Craddock & Joy, formed the idea of starting a new magazine under the title of an old and defunct periodical, they began looking about for an editor. They finally fixed upon the ex-editor of the *Champion* newspaper, one John Scott—a man in the prime of life, of good average ability, and with the courage of his opinions. He was shrewd and conscientious, with an immense capacity for work, and (what was even more to the point) with an enviable power of reconciling conflicting interests and keeping a very large staff on excellent terms with themselves, with him, and with each other. Scott began his editorship by contributing a series of articles on living authors, which exhibited fairly critical taste, and were eminently readable. Unfortunately he was very soon lured into the literary quarrels of the day. Lockhart in *Blackwood* had unwarrantably abused Leigh Hunt and his set, and John Scott thought fit to take up the cudgels on their behalf. A violent altercation ensued, and Lockhart challenged the editor of the *London*. It may be urged in Lockhart's defence that John Scott had been writing very offensively about the author of the 'Waverley Novels'; and as Lockhart had recently married Sir Walter's daughter, he may have felt called upon to fight his battles. Be that as it may, he sent the challenge; but while the matter was still impending, his second used some expression in regard to John Scott, which the latter so promptly resented as to insist on fighting him before meeting the original offender. The duel took place. They met at Chalk Farm, and Christie (Lockhart's over-officious second) fired into the air. Scott did not notice the upward aim, and his second, Patmore, with most culpable negligence, did not inform him of it, so Christie's shot was returned point-blank. He was not hurt, but he was naturally much incensed, and when next he fired, he struck Scott just above the right hip. The poor fellow fell mortally wounded, and the proprietors of the magazine were so distressed at his loss, that instead of finding another editor they instantly sold their paper, which passed into the hands of the publishers, Taylor & Hessey. The former of these gentlemen insisted that Sir Philip Francis was the real author of the much-discussed letters of Junius; whilst Hessey's great kindness to Keats is sufficient to perpetuate his name.

The firm must have had a healthy belief in young talent, for when they decided they would follow in the steps of William Blackwood, and only employ a kind of sub-editor, who should work under their immediate supervision, they gave the post to a boy of twenty-one. This boy, whose pale face was brightened by a per-

petual smile, whose slight figure and feeble voice were constantly shaken with laughter at his own or other people's expense, and who always dressed in sombre black, proved to be the very embodiment of merriment. The space that had been occupied in the magazine to argue over Sir Walter's shortcomings, or to break into fierce invective of Lockhart's unjust criticisms, was now filled by fresh young verse, delicious little essays, and witty answers to correspondents; and Tom Hood's name came to be associated with a quality tolerably rare in those hard-hitting times—he wrote amusingly, and he hurt no one's feelings. It was part of his duties to hunt up dilatory contributors, and De Quincey, who was one of the most uncertain of men, was constantly invaded by the energetic young editor.

When it was my frequent and agreeable duty to call on Mr. De Quincey, (being an uncommon name to remember, the servant associated it on the *memoria technica* principle with a sore throat, and always pronounced it Quinsy,) and I have found him at home—quite at home—in the midst of a German Ocean of Literature, flooding all the floor, the table, and the chairs,—billows of books tossing, tumbling, surging open,—on such occasions I have willingly listened by the hour, whilst the Philosopher, standing with his eyes fixed on one side of the room, seemed to be less speaking than reading from a handwriting on the wall.

The lodgings here referred to were in York Street, Covent Garden; and it was here that De Quincey wrote his famous 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.' It was Charles Lamb who had introduced him to the proprietors of the *London*; for the friendship that had been commenced in 1804 was gladly renewed when De Quincey settled in London for a time in 1821. Seventeen years before he had taken a note of introduction to the India House in search of the future Elia, whom he had eventually found seated on 'the highest possible stool.' The kindly fashion in which the little spare clerk had received his unknown visitor, and the warm hospitality with which he straightway took him back to the Temple to tea, took firm hold of De Quincey's memory: and though he was not famed for tact when speaking of the home life of his contemporaries, and indeed betrayed more than he had any right, he was always especially gentle and honorable when dealing with that whimsical, albeit lovable, pair in the Temple rooms.

Many liberal people I have known in this world, . . . many munificent people, but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb.

When in 1821 Lamb introduced his friend to Mr. Taylor, the latter gentleman promptly invited him to accompany Elia to one of the 'magazine dinners' which he gave monthly to the whole staff of writers at the publishing office in Waterloo Place. De Quincey naturally accepted the invitation, and while at table began speaking of his opium experiences. His fellow guests were exceedingly interested in his account, and his host finally suggested that their first conversation should prove the nucleus of his first contribution. His papers appeared in the September and October numbers, and few magazine articles have produced such a wonderful impression.

In the vehement discussion to which they gave rise, their author was greatly annoyed to find his narration was regarded more as clever fiction than as absolute fact; and he hastened to write a letter to the *London*, in which he declared 'the entire Confessions were designed to convey a narrative of his own experiences as an opium-eater, drawn up with entire simplicity and fidelity to facts.' His later contributions were signed by the initials X. Y. Z.

De Quincey is not usually considered to be what is called a lovable man; but there is something eminently attractive in the tiny restless being, with his soft voice, colorless face, and marvelously bright eyes. When he was working hard for wife and bairns in distant Westmoreland, living in those lodgings and hedged in by those ponderous German books which young Hood so graphically described, it became necessary for his health that he should take a daily walk. The parks naturally offered the best London substitute for the longed-for country air, but the sight of the children playing there caused him such exquisite pain by recalling his own absent little ones that he was forced to keep to the house. This piteous recoil from that 'music of human speech,' the laughter of children, brings De Quincey, nearer to our hearts, I take it, than the loveliest word-picture his fancy ever painted.

Those magazine dinners must have been intensely enjoyable, and across the walnuts and the wine many a good story must have been told, and many an audacious joke perpetrated. Mingling with De Quincey's flood of eloquence, breaking into Tom Hood's avowal of his favorite theory of government—'An angel from heaven, and a despotism'—and mocking the ravings of the impetuous Hazlitt, would come Lamb's forcible stutter, and Bryan Procter's genial laugh; while the peasant-poet Clare would sit silent in round-eyed

astonishment at the doings of 'the gentry,' and John Poole would coolly take notes of any peculiar speech or characteristic which could serve to clothe the then skeleton play, 'Paul Pry.'

One of the wisest of the company, as far as actual knowledge went, was Henry Cary, who contributed the 'Notices of the Early French Poets.' His best work was his translation of Dante, and one of the prettiest of literary anecdotes is told in connection with his book. Cary had published the first volume in 1805, but he had too much of the dreaminess of the scholar and too little of the shrewdness of the man of business to push the work, and it fell very flat indeed. In the summer-time of 1807 he and his little son were strolling along the beach at Littlehampton, and the father was giving a lesson in Homer. For several days they had been passed by a burly-looking man who had looked at them curiously, and at last one morning the pair were startled by a loud resonant voice: 'Sir, yours is a face I *should* know. I am Samuel Taylor Coleridge.' He confessed that it was the sound of the Greek which had attracted him, and forthwith plunged into the subject of Homer. Passing from Grecian to Italian literature, the talk turned on Dante, and Cary naturally referred to his own translation, of which, equally naturally, Coleridge had never heard. But he straightway went back to the former's house with him and asked for the loan of a copy, and when the new friends met again on the following day, Coleridge could not only recite whole pages from the translation, but he volunteered to mention it in his forthcoming lectures at the Royal Institution. The great man was not particularly famed for keeping his promises, but the unpretending erudition of the gentle helpless scholar had made an impression on him, and he was as good as his word. It is gratifying to read the sequel of this chance meeting. 'The work was at once eagerly sought for; about a thousand copies of the first edition which remained on hand were immediately disposed of, and in less than three months a new edition was called for.' The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* echoed Coleridge's praises, and Henry Cary's fame was secured.

[To be concluded.]

## Notes

THE SERIAL that has been running in *Harper's Weekly*, entitled 'A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder,' is said to have been written by the late Prof. De Mille, and to have lain in the archives of the Harper establishment for the past fifteen years. This information will rather disturb those persons who have pronounced it an imitation of the peculiar literary productions of Mr. Rider Haggard. It will be issued in book form next week.

—'Along the Shore,' a volume of poems by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, will be published this month by Ticknor & Co.

—Among the attractive announcements for the June number of *Scribner's* are a story in four parts, by Henry James, entitled 'A London Life'; a paper on Cardinal Newman, by Augustine Birrell, author of 'Obitua Dicta'; 'Some Gentlemen in Fiction,' by R. L. Stevenson, a supplement to his paper on 'Gentlemen' in the May number; and the first of the series on Railways. This introductory article—on 'The Building of a Railway'—will be enlivened by forty illustrations from the pencils of well-known artists.

—Sylvanus Cobb's stories in *The New York Ledger*, though so popular as to have been reprinted, in some instances, in the columns of that paper, have somehow failed to appear in book form. By arrangement with the author's heirs, several of them will appear in Cassell's Sunshine Library.

—The reminiscences of Friedrich Rückert, to be published in honor of the hundredth anniversary of his birthday, will consist of a 'Poetisches Tagebuch,' edited by the poet's daughter. A posthumous translation of the Koran by Rückert will be published on the same occasion.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Three Cruises of the Blake: a Contribution to American Thalassography,' by Alexander Agassiz, with many illustrations; a 'Life of Walter Harriman,' once Governor of New Hampshire, with selections from speeches and writings, by Amos Hadley; and, in the Riverside Literature Series, more of Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.'

—D. Appleton & Co. have in press 'The Advance-Guard of Western Civilization,' by James R. Gilmore ('Edmund Kirke'); 'The "Books that Have Helped me" Papers,' from *The Forum*; 'Ignorant Essays,' by Richard Dowling; 'Letters from a Dérubant in New York Society'; 'The Development of the Intellect—The Mind of the Child'; 'Outlines of Pedagogics,' by Col. F. W. Parker; 'Electricity,' by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson; 'Diamagnetism and Magnecrystalline Action,' by Prof. Tyndall; 'A Nymph of the West,' by Howard Seely; 'A Counsel of Perfection,' by Lucas Malet; 'Eve,' by Rev. S. Baring-Gould; and 'The Little Maid of Acadie,' by Marian C. L. Reeves. Prof. McMaster writes to



Messrs. Appleton in regard to the third volume of his 'History of the People of the United States,' that the MS. will probably be ready for them this year.

—Ticknor & Co., publish to-day Dr. Charles Mackay's elaborate 'Dictionary of Lowland Scotch'; Herbert M. Sylvester's 'Homestead Byways'; John A. Goodwin's 'The Pilgrim Republic,' an historical review of the Colony of New Plymouth, with sketches of the rise of other New-England settlements, etc.; and 'Sketches Abroad,' by J. A. Schweinfurth, the architect—a series of thirty plates, of which only a limited edition is printed.

—The disbandment of the time-honored Wallack stock-company was followed by the production at Wallack's Theatre, last Monday evening, of Sydney Rosenfeld's comic opera, 'The Lady or the Tiger?' founded on Frank R. Stockton's famous story of that name. The chief incident of the musical comedieta is taken from the story, but the dialogue is Mr. Rosenfeld's; the music being furnished by Messrs. Julius J. Lyons and Adolph Nowak. A crowded house gave the piece a hearty welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Stockton, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and many other friends of the popular writer, 'sat up aloft' in the front row of the family circle, to see how the venture prospered. Of the merits of the operetta we shall have something to say next week.

—Mr. Sala's autobiography, long since announced, is now definitely promised for publication in September.

—At the sitting of the French Academy on April 25, M. Legouvé read the report on the award to be made this year of the accrued interest of the prize-fund established by Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, of this city, for literary works composed by women. It was decided to offer a medal of honor to the author of 'Pensées d'une Reine' — 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania; and two prizes of 2500 francs each, one to Mme. Arvede Baride and the other to Mme. Anais Segalas.

—George H. Jessop, the playwright, has lately taken to writing short stories, and one of them—a striking one—will appear in the June *Scribner's*. Mr. Jessop is also preparing a series of stories for the next volume of *The Century*.

—Smith College will get over \$100,000 under the will of the late George W. Hubbard.

—Dr. F. A. P. Barnard has resigned the Presidency of Columbia College after having held the office for nearly a quarter of a century. His reason for so doing is his age and increasing ill-health. The Trustees received the news with profound regret, for they fully appreciate the difficulty of finding a suitable successor in this important office. Mr. Wm. M. Sloane, Princeton's Professor of History and formerly her Latin Professor, has been called to the vacant Chair of Latin at Columbia.

—At the Union Theological Seminary commencement, on Tuesday, the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings announced his acceptance of the Presidency of the Seminary.

—It is pleasant to hear that Mr. Daly's company has met with a most enthusiastic reception in London. Each member of the company was given a special welcome, and Mr. Daly was called before the curtain and obliged to make a speech.

—The new bill at Daly's includes 'My Milliner's Bill' and 'A Double Lesson,' in both of which Miss Vokes has won triumphs innumerable; and a new piece, 'Which is Which?' in which she does not appear.

—The *Judge*, the comic Republican weekly, has bought the house and lot at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street (late Martinelli's restaurant), and will erect an eight-story \$400,000 building, from plans furnished by McKim, Mead & White. With the exception of the ground-floor, the entire building will be occupied by the *Judge*.

—Mr. Edward Atkinson will attempt in the June *Popular Science Monthly* to suggest 'a way of solving the great problem [the surplus] now before Congress, which does not involve any conflict of economic policy between the two great parties.'

—*Truth* of London declares that Robert Browning has nearly completed the first portion of his reminiscences, which includes an interesting account of the early life of Mrs. Browning. The articles on Mr. and Mrs. Browning in the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' have been written by George Barnett Smith. Besides the ordinary edition of Browning's works which Macmillan & Co. are issuing, there is a large-paper set limited to 250 copies on hand-made paper.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* cabled on Saturday the following bits of literary news and gossip: 'Gen. Boulanger has moved to his new hotel in the Avenue du Roule at Neuilly, where he is alleged to be finishing his book, "The German Invasion,"

which will be sold in penny numbers, and for which it is announced that he gets \$40,000. . . . The first chapters of the new novel by Alphonse Daudet, "The Immortal," appear to-day in *L'Illustration*. There is a piquant side at least to the title, if not to the contents of the work. It is a fact that the author does not belong to the Academy, and, moreover, that he publicly declares that he never will. He considers the institution an old-fashioned bore, and does not believe in schools, but in individuals. . . . The next volume by Daudet will be a novel of passion and grief. It will be called "Doulon," which is the name of a small watering-place near Montpellier.'

—It may turn out that a certain impetus was given to what English papers call the Donnelly 'boom' by the address of Dr. Moses before the Philokalia Society, at the Hotel Brunswick, last Saturday. The speaker, who was very happily introduced by Miss Richman, the President of the Society, gave a clear account of the arguments on the Baconian side of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and ended by avowing his belief that Bacon was the author, not only of Shakespeare's plays, but of Webster's as well. A reading by a young lady from one of the plays usually attributed to the latter dramatist wound up the proceedings.

—Work still progresses on the history of the Great Elector, undertaken by Duncker and Droysen at the instance of the present Emperor of Germany, whose interest in it continues unabated. The twelfth volume is now under way.

—A memorial volume on David Gray will be issued in the fall by the Librarian of the Buffalo Library.

—It is said that the material descriptive of her last voyage which Lady Brassey left behind her will be published early in the autumn with abundant illustrations. Other bits of literary gossip from abroad are to the effect that Dr. Westland Marston expects to publish early in the fall his 'Fifty Years' Recollections of English Actors and Acting;' and that friends of the late Mrs. Craik have decided to erect a marble medallion of the author of 'John Halifax' in Tewksbury Abbey, that place having been selected by her as the home of her best-known hero, and having been the last place she visited before her death.

—This week's *Independent* contains a long poem by the editor, Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Ward, written during his brief sojourn in the Chambers Street Hospital, after being run over in a North River ferry-house, some months ago. It surveys the field of poetry, ancient and modern, and calls upon the Muse to rest upon our Western shore, where now, unhappily, the verse-wrights of the day are tediously repeating

Their bric-à-brackery of rococo verse,  
Their versicles and icicles of song!

—Mr. Ruskin's private publisher announces 'The Lost Dauphin; Louis XVII.; or, Onwarenhiaiki, the Indian Iroquois Chief,' by Miss A. De Grasse Stevens, author of 'Old Boston,' an American historical romance, 'Weighed in the Balance,' etc. Mr. Allen has also in preparation a new and cheaper edition of 'Old Boston.'

—Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish before long a new volume of poems by Miss Mary Robinson, containing 'Songs of the Inner Life,' some 'Romantic Ballads,' and a 'Garden Play.'

—Mr. John C. Francis, publisher of *The Athenæum*, has nearly completed his 'John Francis and *The Athenæum*: a Literary Chronicle of Half a Century.' The work is an account of the founding of the famous literary journal and some of its work during the fifty years that the elder Francis was its publisher.

—Yet another edition is promised of 'The New Priest of Conception Bay,' by Prof. Robert Lowell, a brother of Mr. J. R. Lowell. The novel was reprinted some years ago, but is again out of print!

—*Public Opinion*, the Washington weekly made up of 'clippings,' long and short, from other papers, gives many evidences of deserved prosperity. Under general headlines, covering every department of human activity and interest, it groups selected articles and notes from the leading journals and reviews at home and abroad, many of them being translated from periodicals printed in other languages. Its size admits, too, of a pretty full representation of current thought on each of the thousand and one subjects on which public opinion is daily expressed. The councils of the paper are gratifyingly liberal, 'both sides of the question' being presented to the reader who wishes to follow the drift of popular sentiment on the great and lesser questions of the day.

—The late Mr. G. Godwin's collection of historic chairs has been sold. There was a large attendance of buyers, but, as a rule, only moderate prices were obtained. The first bid for the reputed Shakespeare chair was one of 5 guineas, and it was knocked down to a Mr. Ledger for 120 guineas. For the other chairs the follow-

ing prices were obtained:—Bulwer Lytton's, 13 guineas; Shirley Brooks's, 1; Planché's, 3½; John Britton's, 2; Hepworth Dixon's, 1; Mrs. Browning's, 5; Mrs. Siddons's, 7; Samuel Warren's, 2; John Gay's (fitted with contrivances for writing and storing books and papers), 30; Samuel C. Hall's, 5; Mrs. Hall's, 2½; E. M. Ward's, 5½; Charles II.'s, 10; Charles Matthews's (the elder), 2½; Cruikshank's, 2; Theodore Hook's, 19; Anne Boleyn's, 10½; Sir Gilbert Scott's, 3; Dante Rossetti's, 29 shillings; Napoleon Bonaparte's two chairs, 1½ guineas each; Sir Walter Raleigh's, 2; Dr. Watts's, 3½; Walter Savage Landor's, 3½; Anthony Trollope's, 3; Thackeray's, 3½; Alexander Pope's, 5½; Nathaniel Hawthorne's, 15 shillings; Lord Byron's, 2½ guineas.

—Prof. Carl Weiner, Government Inspector of Schools at Salzburg, Austria, has completed a translation of Mr. C. G. Leland's 'Practical Education,' which was first announced in THE CRITIC.

—M. Octave Feuillet complains in a letter just received by J. Henry Hager, the translator of his 'La Morte,' that a recent paragraph in the New York papers asserts that he was born in 1812, instead of in 1822. The error, however, is that of the biographical dictionaries of Paris and London, which unite in giving the former year as the date of his birth. M. Feuillet is really only sixty-five or sixty-six; he is far from well just now, but is engaged in elaborating his latest romance, 'Un Artiste,' to appear this year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. An English version will be made by Mr. Hager from advance-sheets.

—'Trees and Tree-Planting,' by Gen. James S. Breslin, will be issued by the Harpers on May 18.

—Announcement is made of yet another series of novels, protected by copyright yet sold at a low price. It is to be called Cassell's Sunshine Series. One volume will appear every week, beginning on May 10 with 'The Veiled Beyond,' by S. B. Alexander. The announcements include 'Orion, the Gold-Beater,' by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; 'Two Men,' by Elizabeth Stoddard; 'No. 19 State Street,' by David G. Adee; 'Brown Stone Boy, and Other Queer People,' by Wm. H. Bishop; 'Another's Crime; from the Diary of Inspector Byrnes,' by Julian Hawthorne; 'Bewitched,' by Louis Pendleton. Mr. Alexander is a Boston writer, who has taken for his subject the absorbing doctrine of reincarnation. The soul of an aged Buddhist enters the body of a young Bostonian and lives a new life. Believers will see nothing impossible in the tale, while unbelievers will be interested by the originality of the plot and its clever working-out.

—Prof. Leoni Levi, the economist, author of 'The Commercial Law of the World,' a 'History of British Commerce,' etc., is dead. He was an Italian Jew, long settled in London.

—Cupples & Hurd have in press, for immediate publication, a new edition of Bronson Alcott's 'Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Character and Genius,' with portraits and illustrations; and also of Robert Carter's 'Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England.' They announce also 'Social Life and Literature Fifty Years Ago,' 'Iona, a Lay of Ancient Greece,' by Payne Erskine; 'The Autobiography of Solomon Maimon,' by Prof. J. Clark Murray; 'Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos,' from the prose of Heinrich Heine; the second edition of Phillimore's 'How to Write the History of a Family,' the seventh of Whitmore's 'Ancestral Tablets,' the third of 'What Shall Make us Whole?' and revised editions of Prof. Murray's 'Handbook of Psychology' and Hill's 'Small Fruits.' Among their new novels will be 'Miss Frances Merley,' by John Elliott Curran, and 'The Autobiography of a New England Farm-house,' a romance of the Cape Cod lands.

—The publishing-house of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, for eighteen years at 27 Park Place, has removed to 30 Lafayette Place, where THE CRITIC's early years were passed. This is a further indication of the up-town tendency in the publishing business.

—Mr. Clark Russell has entitled his romance—founded on the tradition of Vanderdecken, and written two years ago on his return from the Cape of Good Hope—'The Death Ship.' The rights are held by Tiltotson & Son, and the story will be published in newspapers in various parts of the world before appearing in book form.

—In the May *Homiletic Review*, Prof. A. A. Bloombergh of Lafayette College expresses the opinion that 'Horace had more positive religious notions than any of his contemporaries; and in an age when in Rome vices were prevailing which among Christians are not even named, Horace was, relatively speaking, a moral man.'

—G. W. S. cabled to the *Tribune* on Thursday of last week, May 3, as follows:

Yesterday's meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, to consider a memorial to Mr. Matthew Arnold, was itself a striking tribute to him. The Church of England, the University of Oxford, both Houses of Parliament, literature and society, all were represented. Even the Government, which sent no delegate to his funeral, was pres-

ent in the person of Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary. The Court alone continues to give no sign of concern for the country's loss. The Dean of Westminster presided. The Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Justice Bowen, Mr. Justice Butt, the Earls of Derby, Rosebery, Strafford, and Wemyss, the Master of Balliol, where Mr. Arnold studied; the Provost of Oriel, of which he was a fellow; Mr. Browning, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Hutton, Archdeacon Farrar, and many other eminent men and many ladies of distinguished position were present. But never had the business of any meeting been so ill prepared. No resolutions were ready, nobody knew what was to be done, and nobody had a definite view of what shape the memorial should take. The resolutions ultimately adopted provide for creating an Arnold Scholarship of English Literature at Oxford, and putting up a bust or medallion in Westminster Abbey. Lord Derby, Lord Coleridge, the Master of Balliol and the Archbishop of York all spoke and all agreed; but when this had been settled, Mr. George Russell introduced a fresh topic, urging that the money raised should be handed over to Mrs. Arnold for her own use. The speech and proposal were of good intention, but clearly out of place. The sense of the company was strongly against both. Finally a committee were left full power over the whole subject. The committee includes most of the names given above, besides Lord Tennyson, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, whose name was added on motion of Archdeacon Farrar, with the cordial assent of the meeting.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse writes as follows to the *The Athenaeum* of April 28:

Not one of the obituary notices of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, not even the very full and valuable record of the *Times*, has, so far as I am aware, mentioned his earliest publication, or has even alluded to its existence. It may, therefore, be of some interest at the present moment to recall its name and nature. In the course of the present winter there came into my possession a pamphlet of verse, published anonymously at Rugby in 1840 ('Alaric at Rome, a Prize Poem, Recited in Rugby, June xii., MDCCCXL.' Rugby: Combe & Crossley, MDCCCXL., 8vo. pp. 11). On the cover was scrawled, in a schoolboy's hand, 'By M. Arnold.' As I could hear nothing of this from any bibliographer, and as the existence of such a poem appeared to be quite unknown, it seemed best to settle all doubts by an appeal to the putative author himself, from whose 'own fair life,' alas! we shall now win no more secrets. When next there happened an occasion to write, then, the question was asked; and on the 9th of February of this year the answer came:—'Yes! "Alaric at Rome" is my Rugby prize-poem, and I think it is better than my Oxford one, "Cromwell"; only you will see that I had been very much reading "Childe Harold." The little book is certainly one of the greatest rarities of Victorian poetry, and it would be safe to conjecture that very few copies are in existence. The terms in which Mr. Matthew Arnold expressed what I may almost term his confession of authorship are such that I do not think some account of the poem is unfaithful to his memory. "Alaric at Rome" is not positively valuable, of course; but as the work of a boy of seventeen it is remarkably accomplished, the versification is correct, and even vigorous, the thoughts are not unworthy of the subject, and what we miss is mainly the purity of style, the exquisite felicity of phrase, which did not arrive until five or six years later.

Mr. Gosse makes some quotations from the poem which we regret our inability to reproduce.

## Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Adams, H. B. History of Coöperation in the United States. \$3.50  
Johns Hopkins University.  
A Few Culled Flowerets. . . . . Brentano Bros.  
Balg, G. H. A Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language. 3 parts. \$1.  
Barnard, F. P. Strongbow Conquest of Ireland. 75c. . . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Besant and Rice. My Little Girl. . . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Besant and Rice. The Golden Butterfly. . . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Brugman, K. Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages. Vol. 1. \$5.  
B. Westermann & Co.  
Burnham, C. L. Next Door. 50c. . . . . Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
Century. The. Vol. XXXV. . . . . The Century Co.  
Cox, Samuel. Expositions. \$2.25. . . . . Thos. Whitaker.  
Crawford, F. M. Marzio's Crucifix. 50c. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Cust, Lady. The Invalid's Own Book. . . . . Wm. S. Gottsberger.  
Goodman, E. J. Too Curious. 25c. . . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Harrington, K. P. Helps to the Intelligent Study of College Preparatory Latin.  
Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Hecker, J. F. The Black and the Dancing Mania. 20c. . . . . Cassell & Co.  
Henderson, D. M. Poems, Scottish and American. \$1. . . . . Cushing & Bailey.  
Hutton, W. H. Simon de Montfort and his Cause. 75c. . . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
King, C. The Deserter, and From the Ranks. 50c. . . . . J. B. Lippincott.  
Loti, Pierre. Tr. by C. Bell. From Lands of Exile. . . . . Wm. S. Gottsberger.  
Lunt, E. C. Economic Science. 75c. . . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Macaulay, T. B. Lays of Ancient Rome. \$1. . . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Peet, S. D. Religious Beliefs of the Aborigines of North America.  
Pierson, E. De L. A. Slave of Circumstances. . . . . Belford, Clark & Co.  
Southworth, G. C. S. Introduction to the Study of English Literature.  
Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
Sterne, S. Constitutional History. \$1.25. . . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
The Way to Fortune. 35c. . . . . Thos. Whittaker.  
Thucydides. Ed. by H. N. Fowler. Book V. \$1.50. . . . . Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Underwood, L. M. Our Native Ferns. . . . . Henry Holt & Co.